A RHYME IN BLANK.

- The Missing Word to Be Supplied by Intelligent Reader. I knew a man and knew his wife, reat learning had they from the schools Yet, candor forces me to say: They were a pair of —.
- They had a son who early drank From hard experience's pool:
 Who knew much more than older folks,
 And also was a —
- These parents bought this boy a gun, With little bullets hard and cool; Upon the gun was sweetly carved:
 "To our beloved —."
- One grave old fogy shook his head, And thereby gained much ridicule: The boy went hunting with a friend, Another precious— Two walked away, and one ran back.
- Says he: "That gun was very cruel."
 The startled neighbors shricked and cried:
 "Where is that other —." Last night I viewed a marble slab,
- All graven with a practiced tool,
 And road thereon these stony words:
 "Here lies a lifeirss —"
 Mrs. Geo. Archibold, in Burlington Hawkey

CALLED BACK.

A Well-Told Story of Continuous and Absorbing Interest.

BY BEGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XIL-CONTINUED. He spoke in the quiet tone of despair. I had been unable to prevent my words sounding cold and my voice being stern. If my coming had raised any hope in his heart my manner now dispelled it. He knew I had not made the journey for his sake.

"Whether I can go back to happiness or not depends on what you tell me. You may imagine it is no light matter which has brought me so far to see you for a few minutes."

He looked at me curiously, but not suspiciously. I could do him no harm -for him the outer world was at an end. If I accused him of fifty murders, and brought each one home to him, his fate would be no worse. He was blotted out, erased; nothing now could matter to him, except more or less bodily discomfort. I shuddered as I realized what his sentence meant, and, spite of myself, a compassionate feeling stole over me.

"I have much of importance to say, but first let me give you some wine and

"Thank you," he said, almost hum-"You would scarcely believe, Mr. Vaughan, that a man may be reduced to such a state that he can hardly restrain himself at the sight of decen meat and drink."

I could believe anything after the interior of the ostrog. I opened the wine and placed it before him. As he ate and drank, I had leisure to observe him attentively.

His sufferings had wrought a great change in him. Every feature was sharpened, every limb seemed lighterhe looked at least ten years older. He wore the Russian peasant's ordinary garments, and these hung in rags about him. His feet, swathed in fragments of some woolen material, showed in places through his boots. The long, weary marches were telling their tal upon his frame. He had never given me the idea of a robust man, and as ;I looked at him I thought that whatever work he might be put to, it would not pay the Russian Government for his sorry keep. But the probabilities were,

they would not have to keep him long. He ate, not voraciously, but with a keen appetite. The wine he used spar-ingly. His meal being finished, he glanced around as if in quest of some thing. I guessed what he wanted and passed him my cigar-case and light. He thanked me and began to smoke with

an air of enjoyment. For a while I had not the heart to in terrupt the poor wretch. When he left me it must be to return to that hell peopled by human beings. But time was slipping by. Outside the door I could hear the monotonous step of th sentry, and I did not know what period of grace the polite Captain might allow to his prisoner.

Ceneri was leaning back in his chair with a kind of dreamy look on his face, smoking slowly and placidly, taking, as t were, everything he could out of the luxury of a good eigar. I asked him to drink some more wine. He shook hi head, then turned and looked at me.

"Mr. Vaughan," he said; "yes, it i Mr. Vaughan. But who and what am I Where are we? Is it in London, Geneva, or elsewhere? Shall I swake and find I have dreamed of what I have suf-

"I am afraid it is no dream. We are in Siberia."

"And you are not come to bear me good news? You are not one of us-a friend trying at the peril of your life to

I shook my head. "I would do all could to make your lot easier, but I come with a selfish motive to ask some questions which you alone can answer. "Ask them. You have given me an hour's relief from misery; I am grate-"You will answer truly?"

"Why not? I have nothing to fear, nothing to gain, nothing to hope. Falsehood is forced on people by circumstances; a man in my state has no need

"The first question I have to ask iswho and what is that man Macari?" Ceneri sprang to his feet. The name of Macari seemed to bring him back to the world. He looked no longer a decrepit man. His voice was fierce and

"A traitor! a traitor!" he cried. "But for him I should have succeeded and escaped. If he were only standing in your place! Weak as I am, I could find strength enough to cling to his throat till the vile breath was out of his ac-

cursed body!" He walked up and down the room, clinehing and unclinehing his hands. "Try and be calm, Dr. Ceneri," I id. "I have nothing to do with his

plots and political treasons. Who is he? What is his parentage? Is Macar

'The only name I ever knew him by. His father was a renegade Italian who cent his precious son to live in England for fear his precious blood should be spilt in freeing his country. I found him a young man and made him one of us. His perfect knowledge of your tongue was of great service; and he fought-yes, once he fought like a man. Why did he turn traitor now? Why do you ask these questions?'

"He has been to me and asserts that he is Pauline's brother.'

Ceneri's face, as he heard this intelligence, was enough to banish lie numone from my mind. My heart leaped as I guessed that number two would be disposed of easily. But there was a terrible revelation to be made when I came to ask about that.

"Pauline's brother!" stammered Cen-"Her brother! She has none." A sickly look crept over his features as he spoke-a look the meaning of which I could not read.

"He says he is Anthony March, her "Anthony March!" gasped Ceneri.

"There is no such person. What did he want—his object?" he continued fe-"That I should join him in a memorial to the Italian Government, asking

for a return of some portion of the fortune you spent." Ceneri laughed a bitter laugh. grows clear," he said. "He betrayed a plot which might have changed a Govroment for the sake of getting me out

or the way. Coward! Why not have killed me and only me? made others suffer with me? Anthony March! My God! that man is a vi

"You are sure that Macari betrayed "Sure! ves. I was sure when the man in the cell next to mine rapped it on the wall. He had means of know-

ing."
"I don't understand you." "Prisoners can sometimes talk to each other by taps on the wall which divides their cells! The man next me was one of us. Long before he went raving mad from the months of solitary confinement, he rapped out over and over again: 'Betrayed by Macari.' I believed him. He was too true a man to make the accusation without proof. But until now I could not see the object

of the treason.' The easiest part of my task was over. Macari's assumed relationship to Pau-line was disposed of. Now, if Ceneri would tell me, I must learn who was the victim of that crime committed years ago, and what was the reason for the foul deed. I must learn that Macari's explanation was an utter falsehood, prompted by malice, or else my journey would have benefited me nothing. Is it any wonder that my lips trembled as

I endeavored to approach the subject? "Now, Dr. Ceneri," I said, "I have a question of heavier import to ask. Had Pauline a lover before I married

He raised his eyebrows. "Surely you have not come here to ask that ques-tion—to have a fit of jealousy cured?" "No," I said; "you will hear my meaning later on. Meanwhile, answer

"She had a lover, and Macari pro fessed to love her, and swore she should be his wife. But I can most certainly say she never returned his love.

"Nor loved any one else?" "Not to my knowledge. But your manner, your words are strange. do you ask? I may have wronged you. Vaughan, but save for the thing, her mind, Pauline was fit to be

your wife. "You did wrong me-you know it. What right had you to let me marry a woman whose senses were disarranged? It was cruel to both?

I felt stern and spoke sternly. Ceneri shifted in his chair uneasily. If I had wished revenge it was here. this wretched, ragged, broken-down man, and knowing what awaited him when he left me, would have filled the measure desired by the most vengeful

I wanted no revenge on the man. His manner told me he spoke the truth when he denied that Pauline had ever been in love. As, when last I gazed on her fair face, I knew it would, Macari's black lie had been scouted. Pauline was innocent as an angel. But I must know who was the man whose death had for awhile deprived her of reason.

Ceneri was glancing at me nervously. Did he guess what I had to ask him? "Tell me," I said, "the name of the young man murdered by Macari in London, in the presence of Pauline; tell me why he was killed?"

His face grew ashen. He seemed to collapse-to sink back into his chair a helpless heap, without the power of speech or movement, without the power of turning his eyes from my face.

"Tell me," I repeated -- "Stay, I will recall the scene to you, and you will know I am well informed. Here is the table; here is Macari, standing over the man he has stabbed; here are you, and behind you is another man with a scar on his cheek. In the back room, at the piano, is Pauline. She is singing, but her song stops as the murdered man falls dead. Do I describe the scene

I had spoken excitedly. I had used gestures and words. Ceneri's ears had drunk in every syllable; his eyes had followed every gesture. As I pointed to the supposed position of Pauline, he had looked there with a quick, startled glance, as if expecting to see her enter he door. He made no attempt to demy the accuracy of my representation.

I waited for him to recover. He was looking ghastly. His breath came in spasmodic gasps. For a moment feared he was about to die then and

took it to his trembling hand and gulped it down. "Tell me his name?" I repeated.

there. I poured out a glass of wine; he

Tell me what he had to do with Pau-Then he found his voice. "Why do you come here to ask me? Pauline could have told you. She must be well,

or you could not have learned this."
"She has told me nothing." "You are wrong. She must have told you. No one else saw the crimethe murder; for murder it was." "There was another present beside

Ceneri started and looked at me. "Yes, there was another; there an accident. A man who could hear but not see. A man whose life I pleaded

for as for my own.' "I thank you for having saved it." "You thank me. Why should you thank me."

"If you saved any one's life it nine. I was that man.' "You that man!" He looked at me nore attentively-"Yes; now the festures come back to me. I always wondered that your face seemed so familiar. Yes. I can understand-I am a doctor

-your eyes were operated upon?" "Yes—most successfully." "You can see well now-but then! ould not be mistaken, you were blind -vou saw nothing.' "I saw nothing, but I heard every-

thing."
"And now Pauline has told you what appened?"
"Pauline has not spoken."

Ceneri rose, and in great agitation walked up and down the room, his chains rattling as he moved. "I knew it," he muttered in Italian. "I knew i "I knew it such a crime can not be hidden. Then he turned to me. "Tell me how you have learned this? Teresa would die before she spoke. Petroff dead—died, as I told you, raving mad. From his last words I presumed that Petroff was the third man I had seen,

and also the fellow-prisoner who had denounced Macari. "Was it Macari-that double-dved traitor? No-he was the murderer such an avowal would defeat his ends Tell me how you know?"

"I would tell you, but I suspect you would not believe me."
"Believe you!" he cried, excitedly 'I would believe anything connected with that night-it has never left my thoughts-Mr. Vaughan, the truth has come to me in my captivity. I am not condemned to this life for a political crime. My sentence is God's indirect

vengeance for the deed you witnessed. It was clear that Ceneri was not such hardened ruffian as Macari. He, at least, had a conscience. Moreover, as be appeared to be superstitious, perhaps believe me when I told him how my accurate knowledge had been obtained.

"I will tell you," I st. 1, "provided you pledge your honor to give me the full history of that fearful crime and nswer my questions fully and truth-

He smiled bitterly. "You forget m osition, Mr. Vaughan, when you speak of 'honor.' Yet I promise all you ask So I told him, as shortly and simpl as I could, all that had occurred; all had seen. He shuddered as I again de-

scribed the terrible vision. "Spare me," he said, "I know it all. Thousands of times I have seen it or have dreamed it—it will never leave me. why come to me? Pauline you

say, is recovering ner senses—she would have told you all." "I would not ask her until I saw you. She is herself again, but I am a stranger to her-and unless your answer is the

one I hope for, we shall never meet "If anything I can do to stone...." he began, eagerly,
"You can only speak the truth.
Listen. I taxed the murderer, your ac-

could not deny it, but he justified 'How-tell me," panted Cenert. For a moment I paused. I fixed my eyes upon him to eatch every change of feature—to read the truth in more than

"He vowed to me that the young man was killed by your instructions -that he was-oh, God, how can I repeat it!-the lover of Pauline, who, having dishonored her, refused to repair his fault. The truth! Tell me the truth!" I almost shouted the last words-my

calmness vanished as I thought of the villain who had, with a mocking smile, coupled Pauline's name with Ceneri, on the other hand, grew calmer as he grasped the purport of my question. Bad as the man might be,

could have clasped him in my arms as 1 read in his wondering eyes the baselessness of the foul accusation. "That young man-the boy struck down by Macari's dagger-was Pauline's brother-my sister's child-Antho-

even stained with innocent blood,

ny March!' CHAPTER XIII.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION. Ceneri, having made this astounding announcement, threw his wasted arms across the rough table and laid his head upon them with a gesture of despair. I sat like one stupefied, repeating me-chanically: "Pauline's brother—Antho-ny March!" Every vestige of the black lie was swept away from my mind; but the crime in which Ceneri had been concerned assumed more fearful proportions. It was more dreadful than and suspected. The victim a near blood relation—his own sister's child! Noth ing. I felt, could be urged to excuse or palliate the crime. Even had he not ordered and planned it, he had been present; had assisted in hiding all traces of it; had been, until recently, on terms of friendship with the man who had struck the blow. I could scarcely control the loathing and contempt I felt for the abject wretch before me. My burning indignation would. ligible speech, the object of the cruel deed. But for once and all I must have

everything made clear to me. I was spared the necessity of asking the question I was trying to force to my lips. The convict raised his head and oked at me with miserable eyes. You shrink from me. No wonder.

Yet I am not so guilty as you think." "Tell me all, first; the excuses may come afterward, if anything can be urged in excuse of the crime. I spoke as I felt-sternly and

temptuously. "None can be urged for the murder-For me, God knows I would willingly have let that bright boy live. He forsook and forgot his country, but that I forgave.

"His country! his father's country was England! "His mother's was Italy," replied Ceneri, almost fiercely. "He had our blood in his veins. His mother was a true Italian. She would have given fortune, life-aye, even honor, for

"No matter. Tell me the whole ter

rible store." He told me. In justice to a penitent man. I do not use his own words in retelling it. Without his accent and stress they would sound cold and unemotional. Criminal he had been, but not so Criminal he had been, but not so His great fault was that in the him. cause of liberty any weapons were allowable, any crimes were pardonable We Englishmen, whose idea of tyranny and oppression is being debarred from the exercise of the franchise, can neither understand nor sympathize with a man of his type. We may call the Govern-ment righteous or corrupt as we are Whice or Tories, and one side happens to be in or out; but, at least, we ruled by our countrymen, elected by some of us for that purpose. Let us be for years and years at the mercy of foreigner, and we may understand what

patriotism in Ceneri's sense means. He and his sister were respectable middle-class people — not noble as Macari asserted. He had been given a liberal education, and adopted the profession of a doctor. His sister, from who Pauline inherited her great, beauty lived the life of an ordinary Italian girl—a duller life, perhaps, than many of them led, as, following her brother's example, she refused to share the gayeties whilst the white-coated foe ruled the land. No doubt she would have been faithful to her mourning for her country had not love came upon the scene. An Englishman named March saw the fair Italian girl, won her heart, and carried her away in triumph native land. Ceneri never quite forgave his sister for her desertion and defection; but the prospects opened before her by the marriage were so great that he made but little opposition to it. March was a very rich man. He was the only son of an only son, which fact accounts for Pauline having, so far as Ceneri knew, no near relatives on her father's side. For several years the young husband and his beautiful dark-eved wife lived with great happiness. Two children, a son and daughter, were born to them. When the son was twelve and the daughte ten years old the father died. widow, who had made few close friends in England, and only loved the country for her busband's sake, flew back t her native land. She was cordially welcomed back by her old friends. She was considered fabulously wealthy. Her asband, in the first flush of his passion, had made a will bequeathing everything he possessed to her absolutely. Although children have since came, so perfectly did he trust her that no change had been made as to the dis-

position of his property. So, with such a fortune at her command, Mrs. March was honored and courted by all. She had, until she met her future husband, loved her brother above every one in the world. She had echoed his patriotism, sympathized with him in his schemes, and listened to the wild plots he was always planning. He was some years older than she was, and upon her return to Italy she found him, outwardly, nothing more than a quiet, 'hard-working, ill-paid doctor. S veled at the change from the headstrong, visionary, daring young man she had left. It was not until he was certain her heart had not forsaken her country that Ceneri allowed her to see that under his prosaic exterior lurked one of the subtlest and ablest minds of all those engaged in working out the liberation of Italy. Then all his old sway came back. She admired, almost worshiped him. She, too, was ready to make any sacrifice when the time should

What she would have done had she been called upon, it is impossible to say; but there is little doubt but her fortune and her children's fortune would have been freely spent in the good cause. As it was she died long before the pear was ripe, and when she died, such was her faith in her brother, everything was left in his hands as sole trustee for children. In her last moments the thought of her husband's decided Enthat both the boy and the gurl

snouid be given an English education. Then she closed her eyes, and the orphans were left entirely to the trustee's

He obeyed her spoken commands to the letter. Anthony and Pauline were sent to English schools; but having no friends in their father's native land, or all old friends having been lost sight of during their mother's widowhood, the holidays were spent in Italy. They complice, with the crime. Like you, grew up almost as much Italian as Enrlish. Ceneri husbanded, invested and managed their fortune with care and in business-like way. I have no doubt, so far as it went, his honesty was unim-

peachable. Then the longed-for moment came! The great blow was to be struck. Ceneri, who had kept himself out of little abortive plots, felt that now or never he must do all he could do for his coun try. He hailed the coming man. He knew that Garibaldi was to be savior of his oppressed land. The first rash step had been taken and led to The time and the man were at hand. Recruits were flocking by thousands to the scene of war, but the was "money, money, money!" Money for arms and ammunition money for stores, food and clothingmoney for bribes money for every-thing! Those who furnished the sinews of war would be the real liberators of the country! Why should be hesitate? Had his

sister lived she would have given all the fortune she possessed as freely as she would have given her life! Were not her children half Italian? Liberty laughed at such a small thing as breach of trust. Except a few thousand pounds, he ruthlessly realized and sacrificed the whole of the children's inheritance. He

poured their thousands and thousands

nto the hands held out for them. The

large sum was spent where it was most wanted, and Ceneri averred that he freed Italy by the opportune aid. Perhaps he did-who can tell? Titles and honors were afterward offered him for this great though secret service. It makes me think better of the man that he refused all reward. Hi conscience may have told him he had not robbed himself. Any way, he remained plain Dr. Ceneri, and

with his old leaders and friends when he found that Italy was to be a Kingdom, not a Republic He had kept, I said, a few thousand pounds. The boy and the girl were growing up, and their uncle thought that even his patriotism permitted him to keep back enough to complete their education and start them in Pauline was promising to be so beautiful that he troubled little about her future. A rich husband would set everything right for her. But Anthony-wh

was becoming a wild, headstrong young fellow-was another affair. As soon as the youth should reach man's estate, Ceneri had resolved to make a clean breast of his defalcations -to tell him how the money had been spent-to beg his forgiveness, and, if necessary, bear the penalty of his fraudulent act. But so long as any money remained he delayed doing so. The young man, if evincing no sympathy with his uncle's regeneration scheme and pursuit of liberty, fully believed in his integrity. Feeling assured that when he came of age he would succeed to a splendid inheritance, swelled by accumulated savings, he threw away money in a thousand and one extrava gant ways, till Ceneri soon saw that the end of the reserve fund was drawing

near. So long as he had money in hand to meet Anthony's demands, he postponed the evil day of confession. The idea

which Macari had tried to work out with my aid, of appealing to the Italian Government for a return of some of the amounts expended, suggested itself to him; but to carry this out it would be necessary to let his nephew know what had taken place-the a made in his name.

As the inevitable exposure drew near he dreaded it more and more. He had studied Anthony's character, and felt sure that when he knew the truth his one wish would be to take revenge on the fraudulent trustee. Ceneri could see nothing before him but a well-deserved term of penal servitude. If the English law failed to touch him that of his own country might be brought against him.

It seems to me that until this time he had committed no crime from which he could not absolve himself on the grounds of patriotism; but now the desire to save himself from punishment grew upon him, and he determined to

avoid the consequences of his acts.

He had never felt any great affection
for the two children. No doubt they had latterly appeared in the light of wronged innocents who would one day demand a reckoning with him. They were in disposition too much like their father for him to be greatly drawn toward them. He despised Anthony for his gay, frivolous life—a life without or ambition-and contrasted it with his own. He honestly believed he was doing good work in the world; that his plots and conspiracies quickened the steps of universal liberty. In his dark, secret circle he was a figure of considerable importance. If he were ruined and imprisoned he would be missed. Had he not the right to weigh his own high purposes against the butterfly ex-istence of his nephew?

So he reasoned and persuaded him self that, for the sake of mankind, he might do almost anything to save him-

Anthony March was now twenty-two. Trusting his uncle; careless and easygoing; so long as his wants had been supplied he had accepted, until now, the excuses made for deferring the settle-ment of his affairs. Whether his suspicions had at last been awakened or not can not be said: but recently he had taken another tone, and was insisting that his fortune should be at once placed in his hands. Ceneri, whose scheme called him for a time to England, pacified him by assuring him that he wo during his stay in London, explain

everything. The explanation must indeed be given now, as Anthony's last drafts had reduced the remnant of his father's wealth

almost to nothing. Now, as to Macasi's part in the affair. He had been for years a useful and trusted agent of Ceneri's; but most probably without the latter's lofty and selfish aims. He appears to have followed conspiracy as a trade by which money might be made. The fact, which seems beyond a Soubt, that he fought bravely and distinguished himself on the battle-lield, may be accounted for by the natural ferocity of the man's nat ure, which bade him fight for the sake

of tighting. Being mixed up in all sorts of plots he was often at Ceneri's house, wherever for the time being it might be; and many occasions saw Pauline. He fell in love with her when she was but a young girl, and tried everything he win her heart. To her he was soft and kind. She had no reason to distrust him, but she utterly refused to give him the love he asked for. oursuit went on at intervals for years -the man, to give bim his due, was onsistency itself. Again and again Pauline assured him of the hopelessnes of his suit, but after each rebuff he re-

turned to the attack. Ceneri gave him no encouragement. He did not wish to offend him, and see ing that the girl was proof against his plandishments, let things alone, hoping that Macari would grow weary of ing those requests which were always met by refusals. He believed that was not seeking Pauline for the sake of the money which should have been hers Macari knew what large sums Ceneri

nad poured into the patriot's treasury. and, no doubt, guessed whence they

Pauline remained at school until she was nearly eighteen; then she spent two years with her uncle in Italy. was a dull life for the ght, and she sighed audibly for England. Although meeting him seldom, she was passion ately attached to her brother, and was greatly delighted when Ceneri told her that business would take him for a while to London, and that she might accompany him. She was growing tired of Macari's pertinacity, and, moreover, longed to see her brother

Ceneri, for the sake of receiving his many political friends at what hours of day or night he chose, took a furnished house for a cort term. Pauline's dis gust was great when she found that one of their first visitors was Macari. presence was so indispensable to Ceneri that he took up his abode with them in Horace street, As old Teresa, the doctor's servant, accompanied the party and waited on them, the change to Pauline was a very slight one.

Macari still persecuted the girl without success. At last, almost desperate, he formed the wild plan of trying to enlist her brother on his side. was that Pauline's love for Anthony would induce her to yield to any wish ne expressed. He was no particular friend of the young man's, but, having once rendered him a signal service, felt himself entitled to ask a favor at his hands. Knowing that both brother and sister were penniless he had less hesitaion in so doing.

He called on Anthony and made his equest. Anthony, who seems to have een a proud, arrogant, and not a very pleasant young man, simply laughed at his impertinence and bade him begone. Poor boy, he little knew what that laugh

It may have been the retort made by Macari, as he departed in a whirlwind of rage, that opened Anthony's eyes as to the jeopardy in which his fortune was placed. Any way he wrote at once to his uncle, insisting upon an immediate settlement. In the event of any delay he would consult a solicitor, and if necessary take criminal proceedings against the trustee.

The moment which Ceneri had se long dreaded-so long postponedhad come; only now the confession, in-stead of being as he intended, a volunta-ry one, would be wrung from him. Whether he would be amenable

the Italian or English law he did not know, but he felt certain that Anthony would at once take steps to insure hi arrest and detention. The latter, it only temporary, would ruin the scheme upon which he was now engaged. At any cost Anthony March must be silenced

for a time. He assured me with the solemnity a dying man that no thought of the dreadful means which effected this was in his mind. He had revolved many plans and finally settled on one which lthough difficult to execute and very hazardous, seemed to give the be promise to success. His intention was, vith the assistance of his friends and subordinates, to carry Anthony abroad, and deposit him for some months in a lunatic asylum. The confinement was only to be temporary; yet, though Ceneri did not confess to it, I have little doubt but the young man would have been asked to buy his freedom by a promise to forgive the misappropris

ion of the trust money. And now as to carrying this precious plan into execution. Macari, vowing engeance for the words of insult, was ready to aid in every way. Petroff, the man with the scarred face, was the doctor's, body and soul, Teresa, the old servant, would have committed any crime at her master's command. The necessary papers could be obtained or forged. Let the conspirators get Anthony to visit them at the house in Horace street, and he should leave it only as a lunatic in charge of his doctor and his keepers. It was a vile, treacherous scheme, the success of which was very doubtful, necessitating, as it must carrying the victim to Italy. How this was to be done Ceneri did not exactly explain—perhaps he had not quite worked out the details of he plot—perhaps the boy was to be druggedhaps he counted upon his frantic state when he discovered the true position of

affairs to give color to the statement that he was of unsound mind. The first thing was to induce Anthony o come to Horace street at an hour suitable for development of the plot Ceneri made his preparations; gave his instructions to his confederates, and then wrote to his nephew begging him

to call upon him that night and hear is explanation of matters. Perhaps Anthony mistrusted his relative and his associates more than was suspected. Any way, he replied by de clining the invitation, but suggested that his uncle should call upon him instead. Then by Macari's advice, Pauline was made the innocent means of luring her brother to the fatal house. Cener expressed his perfect indifference as to where the meeting took place, but being very much engaged, postponed it for a day or two. He then told Pauline that as business would keep him from home until late the next night, it would be a good opportunity for her to spend better ask him to come and see her during his absence. As he also wanted to ee Anthony she must endeavor to keep

him until his return. Pauline, suspecting nothing, wrote to her brother, and, saying she should be all alone until late at night, begged him o come to her, or, if he would, take her o some place of amusement. They went to the theater together, and it was twelve o'clock before he brought her back to Horace street. No doubt she begged him to remain with her awhile -perhaps against his will. Awful as the shock of what followed was to the girl, it must have been doubly so when he knew that her entreaties had led

him to his death. The brother and sister sat alone for ome time; then Ceneri and his two friends made their appearance. Anthony seemed displeased at the encounter, but made the best of matters and greeted his uncle civilly. Macari h

simply turned his back upon. It was no part of Ceneri's plan that any act of violence or restraint should take place in the presence of Pauline. Whatever was to be done should be done when Anthony was about to leave the house. Then he might be seized and conveyed to the cellar, his cries, if needful, being stifled. Pauline was to know nothing about it. Arrangements had been made for her to go on the morrow to a friend of her uncle's, with whom she was to stay, ignorant of the

purport of the business which suddenly called the plotters away. "Pauline,' said Ceneri, "I think you and better go to bed. Anthony and I have some affairs to speak about. "I will wait until Anthony leaves. she said, "but if you want to talk I will

nity. I find I must leave England to-

go into the other room." So saying, she passed through the folding doors and went to the piano, where she sat playing and singing for her own amusement.
"It is too late to talk about business o-night," said Anthony," as his sister left the room.

"You had better take this opportusher. Yaw hip!"

Anthony having no wish to let his uncle escape without an explanation, eseated himself. "Very well," he said: "but there is no and the crew made their cutlasses gleam ed to have strangers present." n the sun. "Back there, or I'll blow you "They are scarcely strangers. The

are friends of mine, who will vouch for truth of what I am going to say

"I will not have my affairs talked about before a man like that, said Anthony, with a motion of contempt

toward Macari. The two men were conversing in low tone. Pauline was not far off, and neither wished to alarm her by high words or by the appearance of a pending quarrel; but Macari heard the mark and saw the gesture. His eyes blazed and he leaned forward toward

young March. "It may be in a few days," he said. "you will be willing enough to give me freely the gift you refused a short time ago.

hand was inside the breast of his coat, but this being a favorite attitude of his, thought nothing of it. Anthony did not condescend to reply. He turned from the man with a look of utter contempt—a look which, no doubt, drove Macari almost beside him-

self with rage. "Before we talk about anything else," he said to his uncle, "I shall insist that from now Pauline is placed under my care. Neither she nor fortune shall become the prey of a lowbred, beggarly Italian adventurer like

this man, your friend." These were the last words the poor boy ever spoke. Macari took one step toward him - he made no exclimation of rage-hissed out no oath which might warn his victim. Grasped in his right hand the long bright steel leaped from its lurking place, and as Antony March looked up, and then threw himself back in his chair to avoid him, the blow was struck downward with all the force of that strong armthe point of the dagger entering just below the collar-bone, and absolutely transfixing the heart. Anthony March

was silenced forever! Then, even as he fell, Pauline's song topped, and her cry of horror rang through the room. From her seat at the piano she could see what had happened. Is it any wonder that the sight

pereft her of her senses? Macari was standing over his victim. Ceneri was stupefied at the crime which in a moment had obviated any necessity for carrying out his wild plot The only one who seemed in possession of his wits was Petroff. It was imperative that Pauline should be silenced Her cries would alarm the neighbors He rushed forward, and throwing arge woolen sofa-cover over her head

placed her on the couch, where he held her by force.
At that moment I made my frantic ntrance-blind and he!pless, but, for all they knew, a messenger of ven-

geance. Even the ruthless Macari was staggered at my appearance. It was Ceneri who, following the instincts of self-preservation, drew a pistol and cocked . It was he who understood the meaning of my passionate appeal to their mercy—he who, he averred, saved my

Macari, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, insisted that I should share Anthony March's fate. His dagger was once more raised to take human life, whilst Petroff, who had been forced by the new turn of affairs to leave Pauline pinned me down where I had fallen. Ceneri struck the steel aside and saved ne. He examined my eyes and vouched for the truth of my statement. There was no time for recriminations or accusations, but he swore that another murder should not be committed.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLOODLESS. A Battle Undistinguished by Ap-

preciable Gore. The History of a Famous Chase After i Yankee Tug by the Canadian

Stirring Affair. [Detroit Post.]

The competition among the lake wrecking tugs is so keen that many pages night be written concerning the vices to which the 'aptains resort to get the better of the opposition. Mum is the word regarding a wreck until the job of hauling her off is secured, and even then, when information of her whereabouts is given the newspaper reporter, the chances are that the stranded vessel may lie a hundred miles from where the centlemanly wrecker says she struck the

About two weeks ago, in the last gale on Lake Huron, the schooner Starling, bound down, was driven ashore among the Ghevto Islands on the Canadian coast. Her owners made a bargain with Manager Elsie, of the Grummond tug and wrecking office in this city to haul her off, and the tug Winslow, equipped with a sub-marine diver, steam pumps, and a full wrecking outfit, was started for the scene of the wreck. The iny after the Winslow left port all of the city papers noticed the departure of the tug. "The Winslow," the public was informed, "has gone to the Great Manitoulin Island at the head of Lake Huron

to rescue the schooner Starling." The Manitoulin Island thus referred to is about seventy-five or one hundred miles north of the Gheytos, where the wreck happened. But all is fair in love, war, and wrecking. Besides it occupies nearly week of a Canadian customs officer's time to find an American tug with no more definite information than that which was furnished the newspapers, among the innumerable small bays, inlets, and other inlentations around the rugged coast of the

Great Manitoulin.

Meanwhile the Winslow made her way through the rough waters of Lake Huron and the tortuous channels of the Ghertos and went quietly to work on the Starling. The camp equipage was disembarked; soundings were made about the vessel; the submarine diver looked to his armor and the huge hawsers were uncoiled in preparation for the pull. As a precaution against surprise a look-out was posted on the coast bluff with instructions to give warning of the approach of Canadian boats

or any other craft that did not show their colors. It appears from the statement made by an eye-witness that the look-out, after carefully sweeping the horizon with his glass and finding it extremely cold at that altitude, incautiously descended to warm himself at the galley fire, where he remained for some time discussing a basin of not soup furnished by his friend the cook. Suddenly he heard the hurried tramp of feet upon the deck above him and the stentorian roar of Captain Mart Swayne

through his trumpet, heard high above the "Reel off them hot-water hose! Cast off the hawsers! All hands to the labberd side to repel boarders! Every man to his cutlass!

Rushing to the deck, the look-out saw a

boat containing Her Majesty's customs of-

fleer and a crew of picked men bearing

down the inlet and the black smoke of the tug International in the offing. "Throw a barrel of pitch into the furaace i" shouted Captain Swayne, through ais trumpet. "Stab the first man that grawls up the side with a marling spike! Bet ready for a run! Break open that parrel of kerosene, and if we strike a shoal souch a match to it. Burn the craft, but ion't let her fall into the hands of a Brit-

race, and the steam began to hiss fiercely through the pipes as the small boat neare "Back there!" exclaimed Swayne, as the nate trained the pivot gun on the boat,

The pitch burned savagely in the fur-

Her Majesty's customs officer staid the para, and, arising in his boat, shouted over

Queen! I arrest you for violation of Her Majesty's customs laws." And he floured a revolver with unexampled energy. "Go to --!" was the undaunted reply of Captain Swayne. "Ready, about there, ny lads. Stand by that barrel of kerosens with the torch there! Throw another har-

rel of pitch into the furnace! Give her all the team she's got! Yaw whoop!" The Winslow fairly leaped through the water, and as she dashed by the boat the cook threw a head of cabbage with deadly sim, and the missile, barely missing Her Majesty's customs officer, burst into frag-

ents on the head of the helmsman. "Pursue them!" commanded the officer Ceneri noticed that the speaker's right Her Majesty's officer had made a serious nistake in trying to board the Winslow from a small boat. Had he remained aboard the International and sent the boat in to alarm the Winslow he might have captured her in the offing. As it stood, there was nobody on board the Interna tional having authority to stop the flying tug; consequently the latter could only play the role of spectator until the small boat with Her Majesty's officers were picked up. Still it was miles to American waters and safety for the Winslow, which crashed through the waves and showed three-fourths of her keel at every jump. Fursuit was made by the Int.

is soon as the boat was picked up, and, although the Winslow was a speck in the wide waters, the chase was steadily maintained until the shores of Michigan loomed up in the cloud-draped horizon and the Winslow was diving and plunging in her mad career off S. inaw Bay. She was

A Precious Heirloom.

[Exchange.] A lady residing in Eric, Pa., has in her ossession a perfume bottle that was once the property of General Lafayette. It is scarcely larger around than one's finger. although seven inches in length. The lady and her husband entertained General Lafavette upon his last visit to this country, and upon leaving his room in the morning he left the bottle upon the dresser behind him. The lady immediately seized upon the article as a memento, tying the cork in with a bit of thread; and to this day the remainder of the perfume and the cork are

in the bottle as the General left them. WANTED EXCITEMENT.

How a Man From the East Was Abused in Montana.

He Took a Walk to Study the Landscape and Was Surprised by Indians-He Took a Ride and Was Surprised by a Cayuse.

[St. Paul Day.] "It was in the early days of steamboat-

ing on the Upper Missouri," said Walter Cooper, of Bozeman, the other night at the Merchants' Hotel, "on an upward trip from Bismarck to Benton, on a boat of the Coulson line. We had on board a jolly party, who had exhausted their resources for whiling away the time, when at a wood camp we took on a fresh passenger, and I use the term fresh advisedly as you will see. He had evidently been dropped off the boat ahead of us because they hadn't enough salt to cure him with. He was tall, angular and pallid, blue-eyed and carrotty haired. His build and accent betrayed the genuine Yankee. His bearings indicated wise man from the East on a pilgrimage to the wild West. A self-satisfied air clothed his classic brow and self-assurance was limned upon every feature. The oldtimers sized him up as he stalked in upon the gang plank, and the problem as to killing the remaining time on the trip was solved by his reply to a question, that he was going to Benton, was in the Territory for his health, and would like to be amused. We at once set our wits at work to amuse him. But he whistled down the wind all of our innocent pastimes. He wanted some-

thing exciting, and he got it. "The first night the boat tied up abou sundown. And it was a beautiful sunset, such as are seen only in all of their splender in the clear, sky and pure air of the Northwest. As the sinking sun tipped an exquisitely molded butte and gilded its well-rounded dome with roseate shafts of light, the eye of the Easterner glowed with

the enthusiasm that was stirring up his poetic soul. "How far is that mountain from here?" he asked, as he contemplated the landscape with an artist's pose. We dropped upon his reference to the mountain. Here was our opportunity to amuse our guest. It was more than a mile to the butte, but we told him solemnly that it was'nt more than a quarter and volunteered to go with him and climb to the apex where we could see the most magnificent landscape the eye of man ever gazed upon. Three or four of us started with him. The other members of the committee of entertainment excused

themselves. The trail led across coulees and over prairie dog hills, but our guest plodded on with the boys, who were filling his soul with dismay by relating Indian stories until the landscape had lost some of its charms and he expressed a burning desire to return to the boat, and the butte was fading into the shadows of evening. The party had hardly faced about when wild yells and wilder firing made the air hidous. The boys all yelled 'Injuns' and made a break for the boat. Then a pale streak was seen breaking through the startled air, anon appearing on a dog house and disappearing from view in la coulee the firing and howling continuing on either side of the line of retreat on the trail from the butte to the boat. Everybody on the boat was in convulsions as the apparition dropped from the bank into the water, was fished out with a boat hook and identified as the Easterner who wanted some exciting

"When the boys, whom he had distanced on the retreat, came sneaking in holding their sides and biting their lips with the story that they had, after a hard struggle, succeeded in driving the savages away and saving his life the Easterner suddenly pulled a toy pistol and opened fire on them, wearing he would be avenged, for he was wet and wrathy. But by the time we reached Benton we had succeeded in restocking him with confidence in our good intentions. "Before landing we were having a quiet

talk among ourselves as to taking a little horseback exercise. As we had anticipated, he broke into the conversation and pleaded to accompany us, declaring that his mission to Montana was the pursuit of health. His physician had told him to go out there and ride the roughest horse he could find and stir up his liver. We went up to a ivery stable and gave the foreman the wink. Our fresh friend impressed the boys with his desire to get the roughest horse there was in the corrall. Pretty scon a stout-legged cayuse with a shaggy mane, a stubby tail and a pink eye, came boundng out, with three muscular fellows dancing a hornpipe in his train, trying to control him with a larriat, he stirrups pummeling the saddle and the pony's flanks with wild abandon. The man in search of health studied the antics and lurid light in that cayuse's eye a moment and quaded. Then we guyed him until we had touched his pride and the boys had quieted the beast a little, and then he mounted. The men held on until he could be firmly seated. His mettle was now up and he yelled flercely at the men o let go the ropes. The cayuse did not stir when he was first released. This inspired the rider to rake his flanks with his spurs. Then there was a confusion of ayuse and rider and spurs and saddle in the air and on the ground alternately until he whole outfit rolled up in a heap of dust in front of that corrall. I had seen a cayuse buck before, but never one which entered so heartily into the spirit of the ccasion as that one did. He brought every muscle into action and fairly overeached himself. We went to the wreck s quick as we could, dredged the dust out of the health-seeker's ears and mouth and

set nim on the noof again. And the first thing he said was: "Say, mister, is that that horse's natural We all came to respect the cuss, for he was a good one. Game and gall were his constituent elements. I saw him afterwards on a lecturing tour and blamed if he wasn't just coining money."

BRAVE FIGHTERS. Women in Action on Board Ships of the Royal Navy.

In 1812 her Majesty's ship Swallow

ought two French vessels off Frejus.

It was on June 16, and after a most

obstinute action she succeeded in driving them both in under the batteries of the town. The following anecdote, as parrated by one of the officers of the Swallow, is told at some length in the Naval Chronicle, xxviii, 196: "In the gallant and sanguinary action there was a seaman named Phelan, who had his wife on board. She was stationed as is usual when women are on board in time of battle-to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. From the close manner in which the Swallow engaged the enemy, yardarm and yardarm, the wounded, as may be expected, were brought below spected, were brought below very st; among the rest, a messmate of her husband, (consequently her own,) who had received a musket ball through the side. Her exertions were used to console the poor fellow, who was in great agonies and nearly breathing his last, when by some chance she heard her husband was wounded on deck. Her anxiety and already overpowered feelings could not one moment be re-strained; she rushed instantly on deck and received the wounded tar in her arms. He faintly raised his head to kiss her; she burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage, 'All would yet be well,' but scarcely pronounced the last syllable when an ill-directed shot took her head off. The poor tar, who was closely wrapped in her arms, opened his eyes once more, then shut them forever. Phelan and his wife were sewed up in one hammock, and. it is needless to say, buried in one The narrator adds to the pathos of the above story telling how, only three weeks before, a fine boy had been born to them, and how poor Tommy fared until they put into Port Mahon. The sailors agre ed "he should have a hundred fathers, but what could be the substitute of a nurse and a mother?" Happily, there was a Maltese goat on board which proved as tractable and faithful to its charge as the immortal dumb foster mother of Roman story. In Rodney's battle with De Guichen off the Pearl Rock, Martinique, April 17, 1780, there was a woman on board the Sandwich, Rodney's flagship, who fought a 24-pounder gun, and afterward attended the whole night upon the wounded men."- Notes and Queries.

What Ails People's Ears. Dr. Buskner gives an interesting result of inquiries made by himself and other aural surgeons as to the statistics of ear disease. They may be summed up as follows: One out of every three persons in middle life does not hear so well with one ear as the other. An examination was made of 5,905 school children, of whom 23 per cent. presented symptoms of ear disease, and 32per cent. a diminution of hearing power. The liability to disease in the ear increases from birth to the fortieth year of age, and decreases from thence to old age. Men are more subject to ear affections than women, in the proportion of three to two. The external ear is affected in 25 per cent. of sufferers, the middle ear in 67 per cent., and the inner ear in 8 per cent. of total cases. The left ear is more frequently ed than the right in tion of five to four. the middle ear occur less frequently in summer and autumn tian in spring and winter, and of the total number of cases in the ear clinics 53 per cent. are cured, 30 per cent, are per cent. are unimproved, and threetenthe of 1 per cent. end fatally. - Ger-

A correspondent of the Glasgow Her-

man Paper.

ald, who has visited Foula, Scotland, states that the fishermen are very superstitous. She adds: Farming is an avocation of at least as much consequence to the inhabitants of Foula as fishing. and in the prosecution of it they are equally careful to act in obedience to the ancient, unacknowledged, but living faith. The land must be dug agreeably to the apparent course of the sowing of seed-corn should be begun before noon on Saturday, with the moon on the increase and the Some put an egg into the kishie among the seed-corn. When grinding meal turn the quern sunward. If it be turned widergates the mal will act as an aperient. When the moon is on the increase is the proper time to kill a pig. A hen should be set on an odd number of eggs and when the tide is flowing. When a man is killing a sheep it is unlucky for any one (especially a wom-an) to pass between him and the fire. In dressing the sheep carefully remove the gall, spit three times on it, and cover it with ashes, so that the dog will not see it. Do not mention the name of the pudding when it is put in the pot or it will burst. If any one can lay his hand on a ewe lamb that he covets, it will not thrive. If the liver of a hamb crackles when placed upon the fire, it is a sign that its mother and her de scendants will be prolific. A cow should be fastened in the byre with her head to the north. A knife should be stuck into the coupling above her head to keep away trows, or fairies. Should she be sick, take white money, a razor, and a pair of shears, a shake them into a sieve above her back. If a wound made by a trows arrow e discovered in her side, put a finger on it until another person can daub the place with tar. Take gunpowder and fire it off between two peats near her head. Should this fail in effecting a cure, take a he cat and draw him by the tail across the back of the cow until he fastens his claws in her hide, and if this does not cure her nothing will. When a cow has lost the power of chewing her cud wrap some gunpowder in piece of dough and put in a dog's mouth and then make the cow swallow Three stones taken from a brook and three stones taken from the ground ought to be placed above the head of a cow that has been given as a dowry or tocher so that she may have no desire to return to her old quarters.

Egophobia. Every one realizes in the abstract the virtue and beauty of "blowing one's own horn." It is quite a truism to say that people are going to take you at your own estimate of yourself, and a truism that is more than sufficiently acted upon so long as you only are in question, so long as "yourself" is in the singular. Alas! how prevalent is the vice of egotism, how prone are all men to talk about their own affairs, their adventures, their characteristics, their cocentricities. Are not all the men one knows in the habit of saying: "Well, I'm very peculiar" in this, that or the other regard, when, in truth, they are not peculiar in the least, but most wearisomely and painfully alike .- N. O. Times-Democrat.

Foets are nearly all smokers. This loesn't necessarily indicate there is anything wrong with the tobacco, however